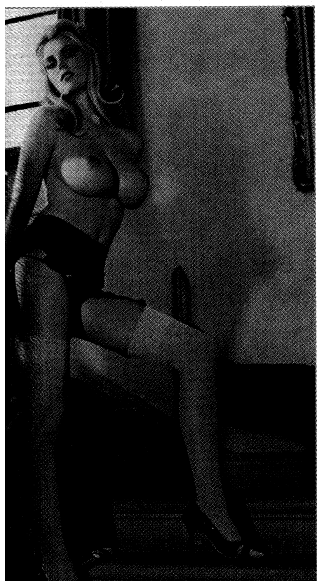


RD
g at Diora Baird (*Our Best*
gust) on a humid summer
o much. You should have
for a winter issue.

Jim Bland
Courtland, Virginia

Baird is a classic beauty in
PLAYBOY tradition. There's
like revisiting the warm,



ng Diora Baird is the real deal.

ling of photos from your
ge.

Johnno Zee
Springfield, Missouri

ling your claim that Baird is
Guess girl ever," I'm sure
Schiffer, Cindy Crawford,
asta, Victoria Silvstedt, Anna
nith and Paris Hilton would
ething to say about that.

Gab Taraboulsy
Montreal, Quebec

catfight we'd pay to see.

Sugerman's photos remind
mpeo Posar's work. Please,
ra and more Sugerman.

Lanny Middings
San Ramon, California

sists that her breasts are real,
nk you guys have been bam-
Unless Diora grew up stand-
er head, there is no way her
tural DDs can point toward
f they are real, she deserves a
natural wonder.

Alex Nikolayew
Lincoln Park, New Jersey

She's a wonder.

THE ROAR OF THE CROWD

How James R. Petersen can fail to mention the Yamaha FJR 1300 in *Motorcycle, Jacket* (August) is a mystery. It has 145 horses, a top speed of 174 mph and a body to die for. Instead he showcases a Triumph with 69 hp that can't get out of its own way. Face it—Japanese bikes dominate.

Rick Levy
Plainfield, Vermont

Petersen apparently knows little about motorcycles. This is most evident in his description of the Ducati 999R, which he calls "the object of desire for riders who crave speed first and foremost." The Ducs are the choice of veteran riders who prefer handling over power. Even the Suzuki GSX-R1000 of 2001 (two bike generations ago) is faster. I used to own a 1999 Hayabusa, which was unique in that it was unrestricted. It did 185 mph five days a week on my way to work.

Martin Bollinger
Tampa, Florida

Petersen responds: "People who want speed with no consideration to finesse or handling might choose a used, unrestricted Hayabusa over a Ducati. But for 2005 the Ducati 999R engine got a boost to 150 hp, and the early reviews put its top speed at close to 190. For lap-time fast, few bikes can beat the Ducati (the Kawasaki ZX10R being one, but not, it seems, the stock GSX-R). The theme of the feature is variety—different tools for different jobs but all with killer looks. There are no bad bikes."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Your August *Raw Data* reports that 90 percent of Native Americans polled are not offended by the Washington Redskins mascot. This issue is not a popularity contest. Using a minority group as a mascot is a part of cultural genocide.

David Whitlock
Kansas City, Missouri

THE GREATEST QUARTERBACKS

Your panel of Lawrence Taylor, Tony Siragusa, Troy Aikman and Dennis Miller picked Joe Montana and Dan Marino as the greatest quarterbacks of all time (*Playboy's NFL Preview*, August). But if you don't limit your judgment to the past 25 years, Sammy Baugh, Otto Graham and Johnny Unitas are clearly the best.

Jerry Burlingame
Pittsburg, California

DON'T FORGET THE KING

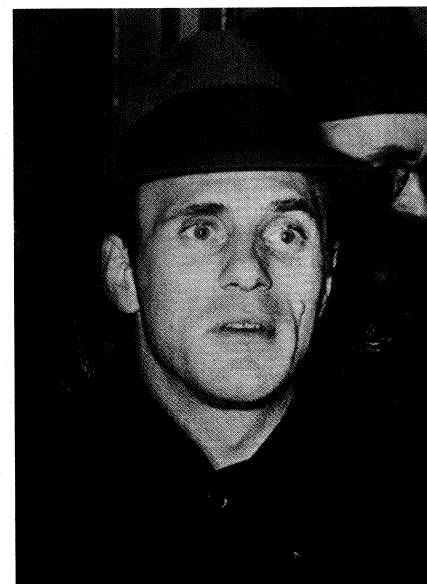
Your July *Interview* with Lance Armstrong is great. However, I take excep-

tion to your claim that he is the most dominating pro athlete. He is blown away by Steve "the King" Kinser, who has won the World of Outlaws sprint-car championship 19 times in the past 30 years. The drivers use one gear and go balls out.

Steve Gornall
Indianapolis, Indiana

INSIDE THE MOB

Charles Brandt's article on the Joey Gallo hit (*Who Killed Joey Gallo?*, August) struck a chord. In 1972 I was an NYPD detective assigned to the Manhattan district attorney. On the night of the Gallo hit, my partner and I were at the Copa when Gallo walked in. We would have tailed him to Umberto's had our wives not been with us. We went home not knowing what we'd missed. The next day I was put in charge of the investigation. Mob hits present unique problems because mafiosi and their friends and relatives rarely cooperate. But I hoped we could identify Gallo's killer because he had civilians sitting with him at his table. One of them was the late actor Jerry Orbach. Although Gallo's new wife, Sina Essary, cooperated, Orbach refused to tell us anything. Ironically, he went on to play



Joey Gallo died in a clam house.

a NYPD detective on *Law & Order*. In real life he could have helped solve a murder but chose not to.

Joseph Coffey
New York, New York

Eight years after the Gallo hit I interviewed his alleged killer, Frank Sheeran, while covering his trial in Philadelphia for murder and racketeering. (I was a newspaper reporter,